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Stop that Cough! It may lead to serious consequences. Cough remedies will not do it, because it means more than a simple cold. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites will do it, and at the same time will build up and fortify the system against further attacks.

We are putting up a 50-cent size for just these local difficulties. For ordinary Coughs and Colds that quantity will doubtless cure. If it is deep-seated it may require more.

Overstreet & Thurman. FOR LOWEST PRICES ON Baby Carriages, Refrigerators and Straw Matting. Full line of Stoves and Furniture of all kinds.

POULTRY NETTING. HAMMOCKS. FISHING TACKLE. BARB WIRE. GARDEN SEEDS. Sole agents for the sale of Genuine Oliver Plows and Reapers.

E. L. BELL, TRUSTEE FOR EVANS BROS. Don't forget, we have moved to 22 Campbell street.

A GRAND OFFER! FREE FACE BLEACH. MME. A. RUPPERT'S. This is a grand offer for the benefit of the poor. It is a face bleach that will remove all blemishes, freckles, pimples, moths, saltiness, blackheads, acne, eczema, oiliness, roughness, or any discoloration or disease of the skin, and wrinkles (not caused by facial expression) and each BLEACH removes absolutely. It does not cover up, as cosmetics do, but is a cure. Address cover up, as cosmetics do, but is a cure. Address cover up, as cosmetics do, but is a cure.

FIDELITY LOAN AND TRUST CO., ROANOKE, VA. Capital, \$200,000; Surplus, \$25,000.

Does a General Banking, Brokerage and Insurance Business.

JOS. T. ENGBLEY, President. GEO. W. RAMSEY, Vice-President. JAS. H. CAMPBELL, Sec'y and Treas. R. G. JOHNSTON, Insurance Department.

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W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE. THE BEST. MADE IN THE U. S. A. \$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE. \$2.15 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES' \$3.25 \$2.75. BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MEALS & BURKE. All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform, stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$4 a pair of our makes. If you cannot see our store, write to us.

THE BOOMING OF ROME. BY CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD. July, 1887; and the midsummer madness of the great boom prevailed in southern California. Three men stood on the top of a low, flat hill and examined a map. "Name it—Rome," suggested one of them. "Rome?" said another, doubtfully. "It wasn't built in a day, you know." "Rome, Italy, was not," said the first speaker, "but Rome, California, shall be."

Those who played the part of Romulus, Remus and Celer were the president, vice president and treasurer of the Glorious Climate Land and Water company. Their names are not material, but conveniently to distinguish them from one another we shall make use of their titles, respectively general, colonel and major. Dulce et decorum est to serve one's country on the field of battle, vanquishing her enemies and upholding the honor of her flag. That is one way to secure distinction and a military title. A somewhat simpler method is to provide occasional drinks and cigars for the gentlemen of the press. The pen is mightier than the sword.

The major had been a citizen of Los Angeles one month—he still sometimes inadvertently said "you" when he meant "we." The colonel had two months longer to his credit, and intended to run for the office of county supervisor at the next election. The general was a veritable old-timer. He had been living in Los Angeles now nearly a year.

Nobody knew whence they came. There they were; that's all. In this matter they were no worse off (or shall we say no better) than many others at that same time and place. The general, for example, when he was introduced to strangers had a way of saying in a loud voice: "Yes, sir! My name is Bangs, sir. And that was my name before I came here." Then he would look aggressively around, and it happened not infrequently that of them that heard him one or two would turn a little pale and cast down their eyes.

Alh, whither have they gone, those judges, commodores and generals who for a brief time seemed to own the town? Can it be that they are all in Oklahoma? The capital stock of the Glorious Climate company was five millions of dollars, of which sum four hundred and fifty dollars had been subscribed and paid in. It was well known, however, that the company was backed by a powerful English syndicate. In those days, when a man desired to enter upon any little enterprise, such as building a railroad, constructing a deep-water harbor, or founding a large manufacturing center, he would always take care first to secure the backing of some powerful English syndicate. They were always powerful; nobody ever heard of a weak one.

The only other assets of the Glorious Climate company was a document bearing the signature of a degenerate scion of an once illustrious Castilian house—an option on a piece of land favorably located for a town-site.

The general, for all that the seams of his coat were shiny and his cuffs somewhat frayed, carried about with him, nevertheless, a secret talisman. He had a "pull" with the railroad. The information had come to him "from the inside" that the California or Bust railroad (projected) was to pass directly through the tract covered by their option. Believe in this railroad? Well, they knew the public did, anyhow—the dear, trustful public that always believes in things.

The colonel had been a newspaper man in his early days, and understood the gentle art of "working the press." In a surprisingly short time, everybody in southern California knew that great things were in store for the new city of Rome—there could be no doubt of it, because the newspapers said so. On a certain day in August the tract was to be thrown open to the public in a grand auction. In the meantime a few lots were disposed of at private sale—principally to newspaper men, public officials of high standing, railway magnates, famous writers and actors.

The major was to act as auctioneer. He admitted to his partners that he had never sold lots in his life, his greatest efforts heretofore in the line of misrepresentation having been limited to the trading of horses.

"The principle seems to be about the same, however," he said. "Ask five times what it is worth, and then take whatever is offered." He was a cool and easy speaker. The crowd, and the music and the enthusiastic cheering of the cappers moved him to extraordinary effort. Many of those who came to scoff remained to buy.

No one was more astonished at the result of the sale than the conspirators themselves. There was money enough to transform the option into a deed, pay all the debts of the company, establish a handsome bank account, and fill the pockets of all three with coin. So much prosperity terrified the major, who anxiously inquired whether they had not better divide up and bolt. The others laughed at his fears. They had accomplished thus much with no money at all. There was no limit to what they could do now with reestablished credit and a full locker.

"But we must change our tactics," the general admitted. "Heretofore it has been faith and not works that we have offered the public. We must show them that we mean business, that we are laying the foundation of a great city."

The next day fifty men went to work in Rome, and the dirt began to fly in all directions. They were laying out a system of wonderful streets, parks and boulevards. The officers of the Glorious Climate Land and Water company went about buying back a few of the lots already sold, thereby stiffening

the market. Several thousand street railway ties, rented for a short time, were scattered through the tract to foreshadow the coming tramways. To hear of these things through the newspapers did the public seriously incline. When the second sale took place, the crowd in attendance was enormous. People fought for places, and offered to pay such amazing prices that the major, hardened horse-dealer that he was, almost hesitated to accept the bids. When the day was done the city of Rome had passed completely out of the possession of the company.

Now it was the general who counseled immediate flight. He had received a little more "inside information"—the C. B. R. was not coming to California at all! "We must get out of the country before that is sprung," said he, "or we shall be tarred and feathered." And the many promises of the Glorious Climate company," said the colonel—"the boulevards we were to build, parks to lay out, public buildings to construct—how about them?" The general smiled. "Let the English syndicate take care of all that," said he.

A few days later, the trio had disappeared. So had the laborers upon the foundations of Rome. As a matter of fact, the great boom in southern California was at an end. The impression began to leak into many people that somewhere they had heard something about "a fool and his money." As for the three, they certainly were no fools. But—

The general went to New York and lost it all in Wall street. The colonel went to Ohio and lost it all trying to found a newspaper. The major went to Europe and lost it all at Monte Carlo. Naturally each, when stranded, appealed to the others. Naturally, too, the reply in each case was depressing. It was seven years after the episode of Rome that the three men drifted together again in Chicago.

The general's coat was again shiny at the seams and his cuffs frayed as before. The colonel drank beer and smoked cheap cigars. The major had evidently taken to strong liquors. Each confessed to discontent, though none of them was disposed to go into particulars. All lamented the halcyon days of the founding of Rome.

"There was no such combination as that at Monte Carlo," said the major. "No such lambs in Wall street," sighed the general. "No such suckers in Ohio," echoed the colonel.

"Why not go back there?" asked the general. "I don't mean to Rome, for the coyotes must have jumped that claim, but to southern California." "Walk?" said the colonel, briefly. "I can get the transportation," said the general. "My pull with the road still holds good—one way."

"One way?" repeated the major. "Yes—away from New York, where my self relatives live. The return is not so easy."

"Shall we go by the California or Bust line?" asked the major, with a grin. "You needn't laugh," said the general. "That road was built after all, and I intend to get passes over it."

Four days later, as the C. B. R. E. "Overland" was wearing the end of its run, the three comrades, deep in a poker game in the smoking car, were electrified to hear a passenger saying: "This station is Rome. Grown quite a city, hasn't it?" "Wha-a-t!" cried the general, dropping his cards. "Is there a Rome on this line?"

"Is there?" echoed the passenger. "Just look out of the window and see!" The three rushed to the platform just as the train drew up at a handsome station surrounded by a well-kept park. In plain letters over the door they read the name:

ROMA

"Yes, it's the place," said the colonel. "Don't you see the hills covered with beautiful residences—just as I predicted they would be." The general led the way out into the main street. It was built up solidly with substantial-looking business blocks. The sidewalks were crowded with people moving briskly. Several street cars and omnibuses passed, well filled with arrivals from the train.

The officers of the one-time G. C. L. & W. C. walked on for some distance without speaking. At length the major, turning to the general, broke out: "What do you suppose property is worth here in the business section?"

The general groaned, but did not speak. "If we had only held on!" said the colonel. "If we had only believed a little bit of our own lies!"

"And these lots that we let go for a song," said the major, indignantly, "are now crowded with big buildings, and worth no end of money. We were robbed, gentlemen! I say robbed!" "What are we doing here?" growled the general, sarcastically. "Think of taking an option on the city? Let's get out! I see no particular opening here for the geese that didn't save Rome. The walking is good. Come along out of this!"

And three figures moved down the track in solemn, silent, single file.—Land of Sunshine.

Slight Mistake. Young Lady (at dinner, to deaf old gentleman)—Do you like bananas? Old Gentleman—What did you say? Young Lady (shouting, with all general conversation stopped that guests might listen)—I said, do you like bananas?

Old Gentleman—No, my dear, I don't like pajamas; the old-fashioned night-shirt is good enough for me.—Judge.

—The ease, the luxury and the abundance of the highest state of civilization are as productive of selfishness as the difficulties, the privations and the sterilities of the lowest.—Colton.

CYCLONIC POWER. It Makes the Mightiest Efforts of Man Appear Insignificant. Careful estimates of the force of a cyclone, and the energy required to keep a full-fledged hurricane in active operation, reveal the presence of a power that makes the mightiest efforts of man appear as nothing in comparison. A force fully equal to four hundred and seventy-three million horse-power was estimated as developed in a West Indian cyclone. This, says the New York Ledger, is about thirteen times the power that is creatable by all the means within the range of man's capabilities during the same time. Steam, water, windmills and strength of all men and all animals combined, cannot approach the tremendous force exerted by the storm. The scientist tells us that the force comes from the latent heat of vapor which rises in the center of the hurricane and is there condensed. The fury of the whirlwind literally wrings the rain from the clouds. There is always a much greater area covered by the wind than that embraced by the rainfall that usually accompanies the cyclone. Persons with vivid imaginations are fond of conjecturing and speculating on inventions by which rainfalls are produced at the pleasure of the rainmakers, but a moment's consideration will show how puny are the efforts of man, and how unavailing when it is taken into consideration that all the existing power on the face of the earth at present within man's control would not be sufficient to produce even a baby cyclone, to say nothing of the full-fledged and mighty devastations that sometimes sweep over the country. Science may cause a few drops of moisture to condense and fall, but can never, under existing conditions, make a hurricane.

Life's Common Things. A pink and crimson sunset cloud. A fair young face amid the crowd. A moment's glimpse of mountains blue. Ere houses tall shut out the view. A flower, behind a window pane. When all without is dark with rain. A bluebird poised on airy wings—How beautiful life's common things!

A letter from a distant land. A cordial grasp of friendly hand. A happy day dream, pure and fair. 'Tis but a castle in the air. A word that gives us courage new. A smile that beams as fair as true. A voice that hope and sunshine brings—How good, how true, life's common things!

I smile my sweetest, when by chance I find myself beneath her glance. I speak in chosen voice and phrase, And lose no time to speak her praise. If service I can render her, I'll not delay, nor yet demur.

I hang upon her lightest word, As though 'twere wisdom newly hoard. Her gowns I note in compliment, And flutter to her heart's content. With pretty speech my head is stored— I'm owing her for two weeks' board.

Risen with Christ. O soul of mine, to life's new rapture born, Canst thou forget the splendor of that morn. When, through the chill and silence of thy night, Stole the warm radiance of the Easter light?

Did not thy Lord, before the dawn of day, Unveil thy tomb and bid thee come away? And in that sacred garden, cool and dim, Amid the lilies didst thou walk with him? Then why shoudst thou, all trembling and afraid, Still bring thy spears where thy Lord was laid? Until the heavens lift up thy downcast eyes; Thy Lord is risen, and thou with Him dost rise.

Not for the trump of doom and judgment hour Waits, through slow years, the resurrection power. To-day He lives; to-day His life may be Eternal life begun. O soul, in thee, —Dimly Huntington Miller, in N. Y. Independent.

A Song in the Night. "Long lane without a turn," "So, keep the end in sight; Far off the lights are burnin' Like beacons in the night. An' when the storm is over, The rainbow'll span the sky. An' we'll anchor, we'll anchor, 'We'll anchor by an' by!"

Deep sea without a soundin', But keep your course serene! Far off the haven's smilin'— Far off the hills are green! An' when the storm is over, The sailor'll cease to sigh; An' we'll anchor, we'll anchor "In the harbor by an' by!" —Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

My Hope. We know as mothers comfort, so does He. And when the moment comes you cannot see— The old earth-sights and aches and growings dim, You only grope in terror after Him, I think it will be with a tender clasp He'll take your hands, or even let you grasp His own, if longingly you feel for them. He will not make you touch His garment-hem. He knows you need a pressure warmer far, And as we feel the little children are All safely folded, so I think He'll Hold very close the trembling one until The bitterness of death is put aside, And they can see the mansions opened wide. —N. Y. Observer.

The Joy of Life. Immortal Love, God's dear ambassador To bring the joy of life unto my soul, Met me afield, and what was erstwhile moor And waste, straightway became my long-sought goal. Of peace and truth and all that makes for good. O come, twin soul, we need no longer roam On ways that tear our feet with briars rude— Come enter, sweet, the portal of Love's home! —Charles Morse, in Once a Week.

The Dear Little Boy Who Died. He came to us first in the winter gray, When the world was white with snow, And life seemed a long, bright summer day Until he was called to go. But the sweet flowers drooped, and the sad rain fell, And the sunlight seemed to hide, When he went away, for we loved him well— The dear little boy who died.

"I'm going so by-by," he said, and smiled, That night as he went to sleep, And we little thought, as the time we whiled, How soon we should mourn and weep; But when, in the morning, he still slept on, Nor woke at his mother's side, We sorrowed to know that the child had gone— The dear little boy who died.

And since that time all the house is still, And empty and drear and sad, And we dream, as we work with a lagging will. Of the treasure that once we had; But we know that somewhere we shall find him yet. In the "land of the dead" so wide, And he holds our love, though our eyes are veiled— The dear little boy who died. —Ethel M. Colson, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

To the "Funny Fellows." This world has too much grief and pain, Too many tears by half; And so my blessing do I give To those who make me laugh. Then let the croakers pass along; Their talk is but as chaff. While strength is in the playful words That stir the lightsome laugh.

True, serious moods must have their place, For work is life's great staff; But they toil best who now and then Send forth the merry laugh. And so, since shadows form of life By far the larger half, Our fervent blessings let us give To those who make us laugh. —Clara J. Denton, in Demorest's Magazine.

VERSES. Easter Voices. Wake, flowers, in your chilly beds And do your pretty vernal duties: With diadems upon your heads, Unloose your sweets to sun and breeze! Rise! bid the guests unto the feast. The King has come unto His own! Bid one and all, the great, the least, For Love is crown'd and Death o'erthrown!

Sing, happy birds, the chorus sing, Wake all that sleep and bid them rise! Earth's faithful heart is answering, For joy comes after sacrifice; Elect the crocus sweet to wear Kingly purple and purest gold, Meek violet and snowdrop fair, Rise from your graves all damp and cold!

Unloose your silver tongues, O streams, And let your joyous voices rise; Go, wake the wilwood from his dreams, Sing: "Love is Life, and nothing dies!" Sing, sorrowing hearts, awake, rejoice! Come to your place and liberty, And join the universal voice: "O grave, where is thy victory?" —Luella Curran, in Good Housekeeping.

I smile my sweetest, when by chance I find myself beneath her glance. I speak in chosen voice and phrase, And lose no time to speak her praise. If service I can render her, I'll not delay, nor yet demur.

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THE POPULAR CIGARETTE. VIRGINIA BRIGHTS. MILD AND PURE. MANUFACTURED BY ALLEN & GINTER. THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. CINCINNATI, O.

AGENTS WANTED. WANTED—AN INTELLIGENT AND ACTIVE young lady to canvass Roanoke. Good pay. None but the best talent need apply. Address "A. B." Times office. 419 1/2

WANTED—CANVASERS FOR NORTH Carolina and Virginia. Apply at office at 308 Commerce street, Roanoke. STANDARD INSTALLMENT COMPANY. 415 1/2

WANTED—SALESMEN TO CARRY A very complete line of lubricating oils and greases. Liberal terms to the victor. H. H. GARLAND REFINING COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio. 425 1/2

FOR SALE. FOR SALE—TWO YOUNG MULES, WAGON and harness; also one fine to cheap. "A. R. G." Cf. Times. 430 1/2

FOR SALE CHEAP—THREE SECOND HAND bicycles. H. H. MARKLEY, 111 Salem avenue. 427 1/2

FOR SALE—ROSE BUSHES, GERANIUMS, heliotropes, fuchsias, and all kinds of bedding plants. Send for price list to J. SHARTZBERG, Roanoke, Va. 417 1/2

EGGS—ORDER EGGS FROM PRIZE'S FOCK. Large quantities of fine fowls. R. REID HARRIS, Allegheny Springs, Va. 465 1/2

FOR RENT. TWO NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS, ALL modern conveniences, for rent with board. 602 Campbell avenue, southwest. 414 1/2

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS. WANTED—TO EXCHANGE VALUABLE country property for improved real estate in this city. Address "P." 414 Eighth street southwest. 511 1/2

WANTED, THREE UNFURNISHED ROOMS, southwest. "Z." Times office. 513 1/2

THREE FURNISHED ROOMS WANTED, suitable for housekeeping. Address, "H. W." care Times office. 423 1/2

WANTED—SECOND HAND SODA FOUNTAIN. J. D. CLAY, JR., Coeburn, Wise county, Va. 428 1/2

WANTED—50,000 POUNDS OF WOOL. Will pay cash at full market price. A parties shipping me wool can depend on same treatment as if present. I also buy HIDES and TALLOW. Correspondence solicited. FRANK E. BROWN, Box 311, Roanoke, Va. 422 1/2

THE TIMES one-cent-a-word colom brings good returns. Try it once.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS. STOCKHOLDERS MEETING—THE REGULAR annual meeting of the stockholders of the Ivanhoe Land and Improvement Company will be held at the office of the company at Ivanhoe, Va., at 1:30 p. m. Wednesday May 8th, 1895. All stockholders are requested to be present in person or by proxy. H. H. MONTGOMERY, Secretary. 511 1/2

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PEOPLE'S PERPETUAL LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION OF ROANOKE, VA., will be held at the office of the secretary, room 11, Masonic Temple building, Roanoke, Va., Monday, May 27, 1895, at 12 o'clock p. m. WM. F. WINCH, Secretary. 427 1/2

NOTICE—THE FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of the Virginia Real Estate Investment Company will be held at the Braddock House, in Alexandria, Va., on May 10, 1895, at 1:45 o'clock p. m. GEORGE L. ESTABROOK, JR., Secretary. 424

NOTICE—THE SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of the Southern Virginia Real Estate Investment Company will be held at the Braddock House, in Alexandria, Va., on May 10, 1895, at 1:30 o'clock p. m. GEORGE L. ESTABROOK, JR., Secretary. 424

THE REGULAR ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of the Melrose Land Company will be held on Tuesday, May 21, at 5 p. m. at the office of Roy B. Smith, solicitor, for the election of officers, directors, and such other business as may properly come before the meeting. R. H. BUCKNER, President. HERMANN CRUEGER, Secretary. 424 1/2

A GENERAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS of the Highland Terrace Land Company, 267 South Jefferson street, Roanoke, Va., at 11 a. m. Friday, May 10th, 1895. By request holders one-cent the capital stock. 410 1/2 W. S. McLANABAN, Secretary.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS of the Enterprise Building and Investment Company will be held at the Company's office in Roanoke, Virginia, on Wednesday, May 16, 1895, at 11 a. m. for the purpose of electing a chairman, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and five or more directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. 414 1/2 J. R. COLLINGWOOD, Secretary.

LEGAL NOTICE. TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—ALL PERSONS having claims against the Late J. W. King will present them to J. P. Burwell, administrator, No. 9 Jefferson street, Roanoke, Va., as the said estate will be settled up in sixty days. April 11, '95. 419 1/2

PROPOSALS. BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED TILL MONDAY noon, the 13th inst. at 11 o'clock, at this office, where specifications can be seen, for the construction of a board sidewalk, about 3,500 feet long, on Patterson avenue. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids. WM. M. DUNLAP, City Engineer. 418 1/2

LEGAL NOTICE. TRUSTEE'S SALE—WHEREAS A CERTAIN deed of trust was executed by James E. Chaffin and Nora E. Chaffin, his wife, to George J. Peet, trustee, bearing date August 15th (1892), eighteen hundred and ninety-two, and recorded in the clerk's office of the Henning Court for the city of Roanoke, Va., August 30, 1892, in deed book 80 page 16, to secure the performance of certain conditions and payments specified in a certain bond executed by the said James E. Chaffin, with even date with said deed, for the payment of \$100 to the National Mutual Building and Loan Association, of New York, in accordance with their articles of association; and whereas the said George J. Peet has resigned the said trust, and the Judge of the Henning Court for the city of Roanoke, Virginia, at the April term, 1895, did appoint Julius McClellan as trustee in the place and stead of George J. Peet, trustee, after legal notice as provided by statute, to all the parties in interest, as 1